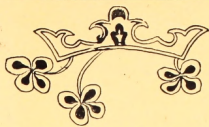


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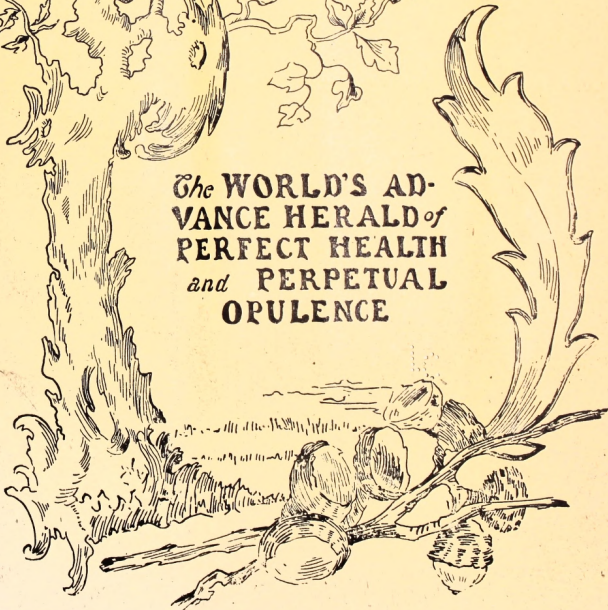
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# Conable's Path-Finder

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PERFECT HEALTH  
and PERPETUAL  
OPULENCE



The Path-Finder Company, Conable, A Kansas, U.S.A.



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# Factors in the Process of Human Development

## The Book of the New Century

**A Text Book for the  
Millions who are in  
Search of Health  
and Opulence. e e e**



BY  
**Edgar Wallace Conable**

Price, \$1.00

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3. Brain Functions.
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5. Opulence.
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11. Fate Is a Fallacy.
12. Monumental Lies and Crematories.
13. Death, Disintegration and Reincarnation.
14. The Alleged Disease Germ.
15. Animal Destruction a Crime.
16. Educate the Criminal Classes.

#### PART II.

1. Thought Transmission.
2. The Power of Thought Concentration.
3. Scientific Breathing, Light Exercises and Bathing.
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5. Sun Baths.
6. Man's Duty to Himself.
7. Make Way for the Soul.
8. The Soul's Necessities.
9. All Souls Are Saved.
10. Attend to Your Own Business.
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12. Heal Thyself.
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ADDRESS ALL ORDERS:

**THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING COMPANY,**  
Conable, Arkansas.



# Conable's Path-Finder

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Philosophy and the Higher Development of the Human Race—Physical and Metaphysical.

VOLUME III.

CONABLE, ARKANSAS, JANUARY, 1904.

NUMBER 1

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## By THE EDITOR.

### An Explanation.

AN explanation is due PATH-FINDER readers because of the delay in the appearance of this number.

We had a contract with a printing firm in Colorado Springs to print the October PATH-FINDER. All the copy was sent the latter part of September. We waited a reasonable length of time, expecting each day to hear that the magazine had been shipped; but the first information received stated that one of the firm had gone off on a vacation and had locked the copy up in his desk, but that he would soon return and rush the work through. I waited some time and continued to wait. Finally I began writing every day and telegraphing every other day, but could get no satisfaction or definite answer. Hundreds of letters of inquiry from subscribers were pouring in daily and matters were growing desperate. The first of November came and went; then the tenth passed by and still no magazine. At this point I wired for my copy and took the next train for a type foundry to purchase material with which to print the magazine myself. I did not wish to do this for I was too busy with other matters to give any personal attention to the mechanical part of the publication; but there seemed nothing else to do as none of the printing offices in this immediate section were equipped for magazine work.

It will be noticed that this issue is dated January. Now it is not intended to cut any one short on their subscription or omit anything. Volume 2 of THE PATH-FINDER closed with the September number. We will pass by the other

months and begin our new volume with January, 1904, and set all our subscribers ahead three months so there will be no shortage anywhere.

Thus will we catch up and be on time again.

It will be noticed, also, that a little change has been made in the name of this magazine and that we present a new cover page. The reason for the change of name is because Washington, D. C., has a paper called The Pathfinder and it has often been confounded with this magazine.

The new cover page was designed and drawn by Mary Elizabeth Benjamin, the only hint given her being with reference to maintaining the general style of the wording, "Path-Finder," and making the page harmonize with the scenic beauty of our new home. The page is most artistic and pleases me immensely.

So with the new volume we greet all our readers with a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, promising to attract no more delays, at least during this incarnation.

\*\*\*

### Articles of Incorporation.

ALL PATH-FINDER readers will be interested in the form of the Articles of Incorporation governing and controlling The Path-Finder Company.

The laws of Arkansas differ somewhat from the laws of some other States in the matter of corporate organizations, but not materially. One clause, however, in the Arkansas statutes which it is well to here note, is that corporations outside of those for literary and charitable purposes



must fix the par value of their stock at \$25.00 per share and not \$1.00 as supposed. So in incorporating in this State for \$5,000,000 the number of shares issued must be 200,000, par value \$25.00 as stated. Other than this there is no material difference in the laws of this State and other States covering corporate organizations. Therefore in issuing the stock of this company it will have to be on a little different basis, that is all. Each share will represent \$25.00 instead of \$1.00.

It has been deemed advisable to capitalize The Path-Finder Company for the sum of \$5,000,000 in order to the more fully carry out the purposes of the founder of the Path-Finder colony. Railroads and wagon roads, electric plants, water works, etc., all cost money. It will require a half million dollars alone to clear off three thousand acres and cover this ground with fruit trees. It will require a million dollars more to build the boulevards and perfect the park system, and fully two millions for the schools.

The name of this tract of land is now Path-Finder Park. In close proximity to the home of the writer is established a town site which is known as Conable, which will be the center of all the manufacturing industries in which The Path-Finder Company will engage. Indeed, this home is now named Conable, the Postoffice department having so named it on the 27th of November and appointed Edgar W. Conable as postmaster.

Now a word concerning the Articles of Incorporation of The Path-Finder Company. These articles have been carefully prepared by a lawyer who is recognized as an authority on matters of this character. As formulated these articles read as follows:

#### ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

These evidences that the persons whose names are herenunto subscribed do, by these presents, associate themselves together as a body politic and corporation under and in pursuance of the laws of the State of Arkansas providing for the incorporation of manufacturing and other lawful businesses; and in evidence thereof we do hereby execute the following Articles of Incorporation:

First—The name of this Association shall be 'The Path-Finder Company.'

Second—The incorporations shall consist of the persons whose names are hereto subscribed.

Third—The principal place of business of this Association shall be located at Conable, in Benton county, in the State of Arkansas; provided, the Board of Directors of this Association may designate such other place or places as shall to them seem best, at which place offices may be maintained for the transaction of the business of the Association.

Fourth—The general nature of the business proposed to be transacted by this Association is as follows:

1st—To acquire, hold, own, improve, lease and sell real estate situated in northwest Arkansas.

2d—To engage in and carry on the business of agricultural and horticultural products not inconsistent with law.

3d—To acquire, construct, equip, own and operate factories, manufacturing plants for the purpose of manufacturing timber, stone, metals, cereals, cotton and other raw material into finished and commercial products, and to sell and dispose of the same not inconsistent with law.

4th—To acquire, own and operate mines and mineral lands for the production of mineral and to prepare minerals, by proper treatment, for commercial uses and purposes, and to sell and dispose of the same.

5th—To engage in the business of publishing books and periodicals and to acquire, instal and operate the necessary machinery and plants for the purpose.

6th—To establish, equip and conduct schools and institutions of learning, including schools of mines and minerals, mechanics and the arts and sciences generally.

7th—To construct, own, lease and sell residence houses and residence property.

8th—To engage in and carry on commercial enterprises, either at wholesale or retail.

9th—To aid, encourage and promote the moral, mental and material welfare of the members of this Association and the employees thereof.



Fifth—The life of this Association shall be limited to ninety-nine years, unless sooner terminated by proper legal proceedings for that purpose.

Sixth—The capital stock of this Association shall be Five Million (\$5,000,000) dollars, divided into Two Hundred Thousand Shares of the par value of Twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars each.

Seventh—The stock of this Association, when issued and delivered, shall be non-assessable.

Eighth—The affairs and business of this Association shall be conducted and controlled by a Board of Directors consisting of not less than five (5) nor more than seven (7) members (the number to be determined by the stockholders), and such directors shall be chosen from the stockholders of this Association and shall elect one of its members President and one of its members as Vice-President, and shall also elect a Treasurer and Secretary.

Ninth—The first election of the Directors of the Association may be held immediately after the organization of the same and said Directors shall serve for one year and until their successors are elected.

Tenth—The Board of Directors are empowered and it is hereby made their duty to ordain and establish all By-Laws and regulations necessary or proper for the management, conduct and control of the property and business affairs of the Association and alter and repeal the same at pleasure.

\* \* \*

The above Articles of Incorporation of The Path-Finder Company appear to be plain and in concise form. As soon as the Directors of this company are elected and the Articles of Incorporation filed stock certificates will be ready for distribution.

\* \* \*

### A Fool-Killer in Demand.

SOME of the daily papers throughout the country, notably New York and St. Louis papers, have recently published accounts of the purchase of the 8,000-acre tract of land on which I am now located and my purposes in connection therewith, customs of the colony, etc.,

that are not only supremely ridiculous, but are libelous in character.

Personally it matters not what people or newspapers say of me or my work, I know what I am doing and just exactly how I want to do it and am going to do it. The only regret I have is the unpleasant conditions that have surrounded some of the friends of this cause who desire to come here and contribute to the great work now in its infancy.

The following is an extract from some of the stuff published, purporting to be a despatch sent from Rogers, Arkansas:

Edgar Wallace Conable, founder of a strange health colony in Colorado several years ago, has abandoned the high altitude of the Rockies and has bought 8,000 acres of land in Northwestern Arkansas and colonized it with several hundred followers, all of whom believe in his manner of living. The colonists eat no breakfast. The men do not love their wives, nor do the wives love their husbands. Living in family groups is a mere matter of form, it is contended, although there have been family squabbles caused by jealous husbands and wives in this colony. Conable allows no horses on the farm, all the work being done by human hands and steam power.

There would undoubtedly be steady employment for a Fool-Killer who understands his business.

Now the facts are that Edgar Wallace Conable has never, up to the present time, established a strange colony or any other kind of a colony in Colorado or anywhere else on the face of the earth. It is true that Mr. Conable has purchased 8,000 acres of land for the purpose of establishing a colony in the future and he has been living on this land for the past ninety days or thereabouts; but during this time and at no other time since the purchase of this property has there been more than one family living on it outside of a few natives who were working a portion of the land and whose leases had not expired. The family referred to is the one with whom the writer has lived for the past six years. I have no family of my own. So there could have been no "family squabbles" and no "jealous husbands or wives."

Edgar Wallace Conable and all his followers believe implicitly in the sacredness of every obligation (marital included) that is based upon equity and exact justice to all concerned. His religion and teachings are founded upon love for



all created things. He believes in and teaches the religion of the Nazarene. He believes in the purification of both internal and external man. The God he worships is the loving, living light of eternal life and perpetual peace, so there is perfect harmony among all his followers and in every niche and corner of the great estate which is soon to be dedicated to the physical, mental and spiritual up-building of all of God's creatures who care to become better and purer men and women.

In regard to the colonists eating no breakfast, this applies to those only who wish to abandon the breakfast habit. There is nothing compulsory about this. Every member of this colony will be given the freest latitude. There will be no restrictions on any one outside the simple requirements (and these are imperative), that no intoxicating liquors or tobacco can be used or brought on the premises, and no one will be allowed to eat meat in any form or kill anything for pleasure or for food purposes. There is nothing to interfere with a person's religion, politics or anything else outside the requirements just named. With the elimination of meat, liquor and tobacco good citizenship becomes a fixture in the life of every man and woman no matter how depraved they may have been in the past. Meat is the principal factor in the dwarfing of the entire race.

It is also stated in the paragraph quoted that we use no horses or other animals for work purposes. This is a mistake. We use both horses and mules for cultivating the soil, for driving and for other purposes.

■ ■ ■

### The Commercial Value of Path-Finder Park.

WITH the unprecedented drop in the East of all kinds of mining stocks, the loss recently of \$140,000,000 in copper, gold and silver stocks in Boston alone in one week and a very little less in New York during the same period, the attention of the investing public is being directed to stocks and properties that possess a tangible intrinsic valuation. In the face of the proven uncertainties of

the mining market it is not strange that the investor is looking to the great hard wood timber fields of the South and Southwest for remunerative investment.

Just before leaving Colorado I was solicited to get hold of all the timber lands in the south possible, as there was a great demand for these lands. One person stated that he had orders to purchase 100,000 acres for one company and desired that I assist him in filling this order.

But this is merely preliminary to giving a little hint as to the timber values in Path-Finder Park; not that this timber is going to be cut and placed in the commercial market, but to show the friends of THE PATH-FINDER that all who invest in the stock of this company are not investing in mining stock of constantly fluctuating and uncertain values, but that an uncut timber proposition is today the safest investment of anything in this country, not excepting government bonds.

The annual growth of the timber in Path-Finder Park will demonstrate that it will easily pay 25 per cent annual profit on the original cost of the property. In other words, that the annual increase in value of this timber belt will be and is not less than 25 per cent, with the assurance, in the face of the constant increase in the value of timber everywhere that it will double this amount in a very few years.

There is at this time the finest growth of young white oak in Path-Finder Park to be found anywhere in the United States and this represents less than one-third of the timber valuation on this property. Ask any lumber man what marketable white oak is worth and see what he tells you. Ask any furniture manufacturer what marketable red oak is worth and see what he tells you, and there are millions of feet of it on this property.

As the property stands today there is enough white oak on it to net the purchase price twice over. There is enough of red oak, pine and other timber to pay for it twice over; and on top of this there would be enough fire wood left from the trimmings to net \$10 per acre, a figure considerably in excess of the original purchase price.



Now comes the natural question which every intelligent man will propound, if these statements are true why did Senator Blackburn sell this property so cheaply? I will tell you:

The timber on any property not in competitive distance to a railroad, is not a merchantable proposition. At one time—before a railroad was built through Northern Arkansas—timber was manufactured into lumber on this property and hauled more than a hundred miles distant into Southern Missouri and Kansas.

Soon as a railroad was built, however—some twelve miles distant—it was impossible to cut lumber here and bring it into profitable competition with the timber nearer the market. Hence a vast amount of timber in this particular part of Arkansas has been saved. Then where does, or will, the value come in? I am asked. There is going to be a railroad through this property in the near future. If no one else builds it The Path-Finder Company will build it. To this end the company's capitalization is being placed at \$5,000,000 instead of \$3,000,000 as at first contemplated. There must be an outlet for the products of this property. We have got to have it and we are going to have it. Just the exact time we are not going to state; but it will be when we are in readiness to use a road profitably.

In connection with the present valuation of the timber on what is now known as Path-Finder Park, I am indebted to the following from Senator Blackburn. It shows what an expert's opinion of the property was two years ago when it contained but 6,000 acres and was based solely on its value even in the face of the great distance from railroad connections. With a railroad running through the property, or close to it, the land will easily be worth \$50 per acre in its present undeveloped state, and with one or two thousand acres set out in fruit trees it means a doubling of this valuation.

But read Senator Blackburn's communication:

ROGERS, ARK., November 1st, 1903.

JUDGE E. W. CONABLE—Dear Sir:—

I have received many letters from different persons and from different States asking me about the land and timber I recently sold you. As I have never had but one practical timber man go over

this property and make a careful estimate of the timber values, I will give you as near as I can just what he wrote a prominent wagon firm in Ohio, in Mar-11, 1901, when there was but 6,000 acres in the tract. The gentleman I alluded to was Mr. James Russel, of Nashua, N. H., No. 6 Webster St. Mr. Russel stated that he had been estimating and cutting timber for over forty years and that with such an experience he felt competent to place a close estimate on the 9,000 acres in question. Here is what he wrote the Ohio people;

"I have been over the J. A. C. Blackburn six thousand acres of timber land and I think I have seen it fairly well. I consider his white oak timber alone, a bargain at \$30,000. I consider the entire timber on the 6,000 acres a snap at \$60,000, saying nothing of the land and improvements, which I think can be utilized as to get \$5 an acre for it after the timber is taken off."

The above will give all those interested an idea of what a practical man thought of this land two years ago. It is certainly much more valuable now. I presume Mr. Russel is still residing at Nashua where any one can write him regarding this land if desired.

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These are not simple guess-work figures but cool calculations of people who are versed in railroad building. Outside of the bridging of White river, which would cost approximately \$50,000, it is doubtful if the actual cost of constructing a railroad to and through Path-Finder Park would exceed \$10,000 per mile. Much of the distance would come under rather than over that sum.

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Path-Finder Park is going to have a railroad as soon as it can utilize one to ad-



vantage, and a railroad will be necessary before very extensive development can be undertaken. In connection with the building of a railroad, no matter from what point in Benton county, we desire that every person, interested in THE PATH-FINDER and its work shall understand that such road will be absolutely one of the assets of the Path-Finder Company and will not be under the control or management of any other person or corporation. This company can afford to build and maintain its own outlet. This it will do in due time.



### Home at Last.

THE editor of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER feels that he has finally reached home—the home of which he has been in search for so many years—perhaps in many past incarnations. The longing desire for such a home as he now finds himself firmly established in, covering so many years of the immediate past, cannot be of purely physical origin—a desire to appease merely the material side of life. It has been something more than this—something far greater in its scope. It has been the longing of a pent-up Soul for a broader field of manifestation, both for the physical and the spiritual side of life. All my life I have been in search of room—more room—room in which to turn around and expand. I have wanted and demanded more room in which to breathe the Breath of the Living Life. For many years I did not understand the meaning of the persistency of this ever-present desire. I felt myself circumscribed within such narrow limits and limitations that my whole being seemed dwarfed. Further than this I had no understanding or comprehension as to the meaning of a persistently restless condition.

A few years ago, while living within the limits of a good sized city, I thought if I could procure a half block all by myself (including my family, of course) I would then find the peace of mind for which my inner self had been longing. Very soon this desire was fully realized and I felt a temporary sense of peace and contentment. I felt that I could here

grow and widen out and expand in a way that the narrow limitations of my former home had made impossible. But only a few years elapsed when the same old restless spirit that had demanded more room made itself conspicuous and I soon found myself looking and longing for more room. The half block, though beautifully situated, seemed to possess the limitations of a prison and I longed for release. I wanted a hundred or two acres; soon I thought that nothing less than a thousand acres would satisfy me and I began the work of trying to locate such a tract, which, of course, would include the possibilities I had in mind in the way of natural products—the raising of fruits, nuts and such other life-giving elements of growth as would make the place an ideal one to me and for my purposes. But as I formulated my plans and fully realized that to do the things I desired to do would require a still greater expanse of territory than a thousand acres would provide, I was at a temporary standstill, though determining in my mind to visit California in search of the domain for which I was now craving. Nothing short of a domain would now satisfy me. A mere thousand acre farm had resolved itself into too insignificant proportions to even further interest me. I now demanded five to ten thousand acres. This amount of ground, embracing the physical conditions I had in mind, would allow me to turn around on its surface and not feel cramped.

So it transpires that the first time during my present physical appearance on this sublunary sphere, I feel that I have ample scope in which to fully test all the elements of strength I may possess. I can now turn around and feel that I am not trespassing upon my neighbors. I can view the beauty and grandeur and physical worth of the thousands of acres lying at my feet and feel that I here have scope in which to evolve and put into practical use the very highest gifts of which the Creator has endowed me. My opportunities are limitless. They rise to the dignity of Infinite possibilities and I am filled with such abiding faith in my own capabilities that I feel that the consummation of the work before me will never assume



other than the most joyous privilege in life. Indeed, my whole being is now illuminated with the glowing prospects of the near future—the opportunities that will soon present themselves whereby I may aid a not insignificant portion of the human race to a fuller realization of its higher possibilities.

So the writer now finds himself "at home" to all his friends who are interested in the work in which he is engaged. We are far from being in a settled state domestically speaking, but all those who desire to call and look the ground over and make the acquaintance of THE PATH-FINDER household will be welcome. We can make no return calls; we can only extend the hospitality of warm animate and inanimate hearts that here beat in unison for the uplifting of every kindred spirit.

We are Home at last.



### Somewhat Personal.

THE PATH-FINDER has a friend in Chicago who recently made up his mind to come down to Path-Finder Park and stay for a couple of weeks at least and perhaps indefinitely. He did stay indefinitely. He arrived one evening and left the next afternoon. If that was not "indefinitely" then I don't know what it might be termed.

This friend has long been a prominent writer for New Thought, Spiritualist and other publications and I had been led to believe that he was clear up on the top shelf of the pantry of uncooked food. He has written about living for weeks on popcorn, fasting and living for months on five cents a day; so, as stated, we had been led to conclude that this friend was a practical demonstration of all that was good and wise and helpful and elevating. He had long expressed a desire to get away from the unpleasant environments of city life and come in touch with the methods as expounded by THE PATH-FINDER. Well, he came and he went. He went quicker than he came, for here he found no breakfast and no opportunity to smoke a good (?) cigar. Besides he was not built to sweep down in the beautiful valleys or climb the picturesque slopes

of the mountains that the whole glorious country round about might be viewed and the breath of real life appropriated for living purposes. In fact this friend proved to be a total wreck physically and we told him so. That we are sorry for him and disappointed on our own account goes without saying. Every line of this friend's face and every muscle of his body told of the unwholesome, deadening life he was leading and had led for half a century. He had now reached the point where to disappoint a frenzied appetite was to cause paroxysms of some sort. In this case it developed into an abnormal case of tooth ache. Soon the query came if there was likely to be any one going to town with whom he could ride so as to get to a dentist soon as possible. A little later he wondered what time the trains left for Chicago. So I had one of THE PATH-FINDER attaches hitch up a team and take my friend to town so he could skip right out for Chicago and get into a dentist's chair without delay.

Was I smiling to myself during these paroxysms of pain my friend was enduring with his tooth? If I was, I beg to be forgiven for the inclination was to strong. After passing the first rise leading from THE PATH-FINDER home our friend drew from the folds of his spacious vest something that largely resembled a cigar. In earlier days I would have said it was a cigar if it had been described to me as this article was by the escort. Anyway, one end of this article was inserted between my friend's lips and a lighted match placed in close proximity to the other end. A few inhalations and you should have seen the peaceful smile that lit up every line of his visage. It was fairly heavenly to behold, the escort afterward related to me. My friend's tooth ache vanished in the twinkling of an eye and he started in with a flow of language that could be compared only with the lightning vocabulary of, well, never mind the name.

Oh, the medicinal properties of a Connecticut leaf made abnormal by a Havana filler is something startling!

So our friend took the night train for his home and it is very doubtful if he ever again visits Path-Finder Park.



But there is one thing I wish to say in this connection and that is, if any of our friends come to see us they must expect nothing that does not appear on the bill of fare in *THE PATH-FINDER*. They will find no meat; they will get no breakfast; they will find nothing that partakes of once animate life. Some cooking in the shape of vegetables and whole wheat bread some times takes place in the absence of other things which we have had great trouble in getting since coming to Arkansas. We found no nuts here that were fit to eat. They were all stale and mouldy—probably had been kept in stock for years. Most fruits were the same way. Cereals were even worse and we were taken advantage of to work off old stock.

So we desire no one to get the impression that we are preaching one thing and living another. Those who know us best can testify to all that we do. Often, however, we make experiments. This is the way the writer has been able to pick out the best. That which does not appeal to him, after giving it a thorough test, is laid aside and that which proves itself of value is accepted.

And this is the way we live and find out. Our teachings are something more tangible than theory or the echoings of some one else.

Another year we will be able to grow nearly all that we desire to feed upon.



### Something More Concerning Adepts.

THIS query is propounded to me: "If Christ was an Adept and could dematerialize his body at will, why did he allow himself to be nailed to the cross?"

Christ was NOT nailed to the cross, neither was he crucified. Is this a startling statement? Well, then, listen: Christ was not a physical man. Christ was simply the Divine Principle vested in the physical man Jesus of Nazareth, and is the same Eternal Living Principle vested in all the creations of Nature. This is where so many people become confused. This is where nearly all orthodoxy, so-called, falls down. They worship the man Jesus—the physical man—and say

nothing about the Divine Christ—the principle that never dies—the ever-living Ego or Spirit. They think the physical Jesus and the Divine Principle Christ are one and the same. Jesus was the man; Christ was and is the Divine principle, as stated. Jesus was presumably crucified, but not Christ, the ever-living.

The physical body of Jesus was imperfect. This is absolutely true else it would never have attracted a Cross or death in any form. A perfect body, in perfect harmony with the Inner Self, never attracts death.

Jesus—the man—studied many years with the Adepts and became marvelously proficient during the later portion of his life. He did all that is placed to his credit by history. But he did nothing that cannot be done today or that has not been done for all past ages. Jesus said: "Even the least of ye can do these things, and more." This was not a mere figure of speech, but a burning truth which is being demonstrated in these early days of the twentieth century, and the half has not come to light. Indeed, the marvels that will come to public view during the next half century will eclipse anything of which the bible even hints. There are no limitations placed upon the power of man when once the physical body is brought in rapport with the Divine force within. It is simply a matter of development and unfoldment. If we do not care to perfect the physical body, we must continue to stare with amazement on the accomplishments of others; but all can develop to the same lofty eminence. None are barred. All are chosen—if they desire to be.

But to return to the matter of dematerializing the physical body at will. Some years ago I was the intimate acquaintance of a man who could do this. I will not here go into details as to his accomplishments and publish the names of the living witnesses to the bodily achievements of this man, for I do not care enough about the question as to whether others believe the statements I make to take the trouble or occupy the space to furnish authentic data. I know for myself what occurred and what this man could do. It is a matter of indiffer-



ence to me whether others are convinced or not. Every one can demonstrate these truths for themselves if they care to and I am not here to prove anything to anybody. The man or woman who is sufficiently interested in these matters, as I before stated, can prove everything in Nature.

The man referred to could and did dematerialize his own physical body and do it at will, but he soon lost the power because he gave exhibitions of these powers among the ignorant and unbelieving. In due time he attracted a Cross to himself just as every one will who stops by the wayside to try to convince the multitude before the multitude is ready to accept the truths of life.

These are all lessons in life that we must learn. If we pay no attention to the simple hints provided by Nature for our instruction and guidance, we must reap the consequences and suffer in proportion as we are negligent.

This is one of the lessons the Nazarene left to posterity—the lesson of the Cross.



## The Open-Air Consumption Cure.

THE EXPERIMENTS in Great Britain with the open air cure for consumption have recently attracted attention through the dedication at Edinburgh of three new pavilions for the Victoria Hospital. These pavilions will house consumptive patients and are merely roofed over but not enclosed. The patients upon whom the open-air treatment is tried sleep out of doors every night in the year in spite of the rigors of the winter climate in Scotland.

Lord Roseberry was the principal speaker at the dedication exercises and he emphasized the remarkable success that has attended this system of treatment in the ten years in which it has been used in Great Britain. At the twenty open-air sanitoriums in Great Britain hundreds of cases in all stages have been treated and with a remarkable percentage of cures.—Exchange.

Nature has her own methods by which every form of disease may be cured and the physical body purified and made perfect; but there are so few of us who are willing to trust a system of healing that does not impoverish the purse. The very best any doctor can do, not alone in consumption, but in every form of disease, provided he is honest, is to give rational advice along the lines of climate, right living and right doing. Few of them understand the science of Nature's processes,

but they know enough in a general way to give beneficial advice if they only will.

Not long since one of the leading physicians of Colorado stated to me that he, personally, was practically living along the lines as taught by THE PATH-FINDER; that he ate no breakfast, never drank tea or coffee or other stimulants, rarely ever tasted a particle of meat and when he felt the least bit indisposed he invariably cut off food entirely. This doctor is a fine specimen of physical manhood. "How about your patients, doctor?" I ventured to inquire. "Do you know, Conable," he replied, "that ninety percent of the sick and ailing of the human race demand medicine in some form? Through long years of ignorant teaching (and I am free to admit that my profession is largely responsible for it) invalids have grown into the belief that medicine as prescribed by the doctors, will cure disease. I thought so myself until I made a study of medicine and practiced the so-called profession of medicine. But I now know, and have known for years, that Nature is the only physician that really heals, and I venture to say, Conable, that you will heal more people by your methods of teaching them how to live than all the doctors in Colorado combined."

These were the words of an honest doctor—one who has gotten rich in his profession, but who, at the present time, to my personal knowledge, prescribes medicine for his patients only when they demand it, and then the medicine he gives is always harmless. This doctor is also aware of the fact that Thought is a great and predominating force and that if a patient thinks he or she is going to be benefited by any particular process, no matter by what, beneficial results, at least temporary, will follow. But the medicine plan is never of lasting benefit. As a matter of fact medicine was never known to really cure any disease. Medicine never saved the life of a human being and never will. On the other hand it is directly responsible for the destruction of more of God's creatures than all the wars of the world combined. The human race never had a greater destroyer or a greater enemy than medicine in the hands of the so-called medical profession.



But modern enlightenment is fast changing all this. The invalid world, demanding a system that heals and does not kill, is forcing the medical profession to abandon its murderous practices of the past and adopt the simpler and certain ways provided by Nature. Nature is infallible. She makes no mistakes. She is responsible for no deaths and has no cemeteries in which to cover up the errors of her stupidity. The race has become depleted because of its trust in the M. Ds. and the D. Ds. There is practically no difference between these two kinds of doctors—both are licensed to prepare men for death; and who shall say that they have not succeeded marvelously?

The silent White Cities of the Dead—more populous than all others combined—attest to the accuracy of this statement.

Then why not substitute the real for the fictitious? Why not put your faith in the only process that heals both the body and Souls of men? Nature does all of this. Nature tells you where and how to find the potion that makes the body perfect. Nature tells you how and where to find the potion that ministers to the Eternal life within. The middle man, in both cases, is a superfluity and is a cancerous leach upon a long outraged civilization.

Let us bury the middle man in his own graveyard.

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### Lemonade and Ice Cream.

A SUBSCRIBER desires to know something about lemonade and ice cream—if they are harmful if indulged in?

I know of no drink better than lemonade if ice water is not used, except Path-Finder Park spring water. The water on this Park is the finest in the world, I believe. Even here in Arkansas, outside these lands, almost all the water is heavily charged with lime—at least all I have experimented with. Nearly all of the springs on Path-Finder Park give forth comparatively soft water, though sufficiently mineralized to make it most wholesome and gloriously palatable.

Ice cream is not very desirable to eat. In eating it, let it melt in the mouth sufficiently to avoid shocking the organs of the stomach when entering this sensitive

domain. There is a difference of fully 40 degrees between the temperature of the stomach and frozen cream. Anything that is excessively cold or hot should not be put into the stomach.

The finest thing in the world to drink is pure cool water. Those who cannot get this at present will be enabled to soon as our new still is ready for the market. All the stills of the present day manufacture DEAD water. Did you, you still users, ever think of that? The new Path-Finder still will manufacture live water. Any one can discern the difference between life and death. THE PATH-FINDER never sends out anything that is not alive. You people who live in alkali and lime districts will do well to wait before purchasing a water still until the Path-Finder LIVE water still is available. The specifications for patenting this still are now ready to be sent to the patent office.

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### Mystery of Lost Sounds.

AN English scientist, noticing the mysterious way in which sounds sometimes are lost in space, recently undertook an interesting experiment in a balloon. He found that while still within talking distance of the earth all sound of the human voice was quenched in the mere indistinguishable hum of the human hive. Equally lost was the striking of clocks and ringing of bells, but a dog's bark rang out clearly. So, also, the bellow of a cow far out in some field, would penetrate above the babel of a busy town, while the screeching of railway whistle pierced the sky up to three miles and, gathered in from vast areas, often reached an intensity positively painful. The strangest of all acoustic phenomena is the unaccountable silence which sometimes ensues when sound is to be expected. In many cases it has been proved that, speaking literally, the lost sounds issuing from a point on a sea-coast were not extinguished, for they were heard distinctly farther out at sea. Heavy salutes unheard by the people within twenty or thirty miles have been plainly audible at a much greater distance, and this apparently not in a direction favored by the wind.



## Conable's Path-Finder.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, - EDITOR.

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### MAIL SERVICE.

There is a daily mail service between Rogers and Conable, mail leaving Conable at 8:30 A. M., arriving at Rogers at 11 A. M., returning to Conable at 3:30 P. M.

Persons desiring to come to Conable (Path-Finder Park) will be accommodated by the mail carrier.

### SHORT PATHS.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to every mother's son and daughter, and all the old folks the world over.

All exchange papers and magazines will please make the change in address of CONABLES PATH-FINDER. Everything should now be addressed to Conable, Arkansas.

Turn over a few new leaves this glorious New Century New Year and subscribe for CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER for some friend who needs it. It will be filled with LIVE things the whole year through.

With the establishment of the town of Conable in Path-Finder Park we have the nucleus of a city that, inside of seven years, will be the metropolis of North-West Arkansas. Keep your eye on the fulfillment of this prophecy.

Path-Finder Park had but a mild taste of the frigid wave that swept from Montana to the Gulf of Mexico. The longer we stay in the Ozarks the more are we convinced that this is the most glorious all-round climate between the two great oceans.

Mr. Chas. A. Oliva, of Alton, Kan., and author of the "Hayseed" articles in this magazine, has just arrived as a permanent resident in Path-Finder Park. Mr. Oliva will be a director and Secretary of the new Path-Finder Co. soon as organized, and will be associated directly with the internal work connected with our publishing department. The farm has sent forth to the world some of its best and brainiest men. Mr. Oliva will prove another illustration of this truth.

We are just in receipt of a beautiful 16-foot flag of the United States, the gift of Hon. John Jenkins, Consul General at San Salvador, C. A. Gen. Jenkins had this flag made at Omaha, Neb., when here a few weeks ago, especially for Path-Finder Park. Soon it will adorn a 50-foot Sycamore to be set in close proximity to our new Postoffice and printing plant. The glory of life is incomplete unless one is sheltered under the folds of the Stars and Stripes. Gen. Jenkins has our profound and most cordial thanks for this beautiful gift.

Dr. Paul Edwards has sold out his Mental Advocate, published in Chicago, and gone to Europe, the Orient and so forth. The Dr., we are informed, is after information. The question naturally arises is he ready for Oriental information? It is a fact that when a man is fully prepared for the Light of Higher Wisdom it always comes to him. He may travel the world over and fail completely to get that for which he is in search if he is not ready to receive it; and he can stay right here at home, in Chicago or even in Arkansas, and get it all if he is ready to receive. But the Dr. will have a good time and we wish him a safe return.



### Myself and the Rest of Me.

This is truth, that all I see  
Is but a part of myself and the rest of me.  
It is not myself and something more,—  
For all is one,—the known and knower;  
And all is good,—so there is no evil,  
No changeable God and unchangeable devil;  
And life is glorious, and life is sweet,—  
The bitter is our interpretation of it.  
There is no creation, evolution or fate,  
There is simply what is, and only that.  
'Tis transmutation we behold,—  
Ever the new out of the old.  
The whole pedigree of wonderful man  
Through the length and breadth of Eternity's  
span  
Is you,—and you are they,—  
So be what you will every step of the way.  
Every secret of Nature, below and above,  
Is revealed to the heart that is filled with love.

MARGARET C. B. WOODWARD.

### You Cannot Fail.

Of that far end  
To which life and change and progress  
Shape your destiny,  
You cannot fail.  
There is no place where Nature errs:  
There are no laws  
That of expression fail;  
No elements mistake affinities;  
You cannot fail.

Time spreads its wrecks  
Across the world;  
Man builds to-day  
But ere his thought  
Has reached completion  
Oblivion's approaching night  
Soon claims his work;  
Yet not in vain.  
Each thought and act  
Was of realization full,  
And ideals vanish only  
At the dawn of higher ones.  
You cannot fail.

No change nor circumstance  
Defeats the end  
To which you live.  
The past and future culminate  
In your eternal Now.  
What you may be, what shall attain,  
Naught e'er can change;  
For in perfection of the whole  
Is every part involved.  
You cannot fail.

A. E. FLENTJEN.



# Dead Yesterdays.

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.)

BY ERRANTE.

## CHAPTER I.

After a momentary silence spake  
Some vessel of a more ungainly make;  
Sneer at me for leaning all awry;  
What! Did the hand then of the potter shake?  
—RUBAVIAT.

I have been requested by an esteemed friend to write the story of my life for publication, and have agreed to do so; not that I imagine such a life worthy of emulation,—God forbid,—or that it will point a moral for the rising generation, though it may; but simply for the pleasure its perusal may give, perhaps to friends still in the flesh, familiar with many of its incidents and for what pleasure I may derive from the sad or merry memories the review may conjure up from the musty archives of Dead Yesterdays, as I look back down the ladder of years that stretches behind me through a now dim vista of adventure by flood and field among a people, little, or at best, but superfluously known, by their English-speaking neighbors of the same Continent.

Born and reared in the Catholic religion I am forced to hide my personality under a pseudonym to avoid wounding the religious sentiments of very near and dear kin, for, in what follows, I propose to call a spade a spade, and as one of its side issues to tare, with no trembling hand, the silken swathings of chicanery and cant from the fetid, suppurating ulcers of the religion of my fathers as I found it in my wanderings through Spanish-America.

For manufacturers, exporters, agriculturalists, miners, mechanics, merchants and professional men, and those in all walks of life who may be turning their thoughts in the direction of Spanish-America, as a field for superabundant energy, handicraft or capital, I shall endeavor to inter-perse such information as nearly a forty-years' residence south of El Rio Grande and north of Tierra del Fuego has furnished me, regarding their

several callings, in the hope that such information may justify this effort and obtain for me from my readers a verdict of not having written in vain.

I was born (I notice it is customary for autobiographers to be born and so follow suit) in a back-woods village in northwestern Pennsylvania, of poor, but respectable parents (I am sorry to say, for I would have preferred them as rich and disreputable as the general average of our coal-oil, slaughter-house and pig-iron aristocracy), and I was officially recognized in a family of six boys as "that boy."

I had four very dear boyhood companions that I have never forgotten and never shall, even though I were to discount Methuselah on the longevity question. They were "Tink" Losey, the son of a doctor; "Banty" Welsh, the son of a miller; "Heinp" Salamon, the son of a merchant, and "Dutch" Fred, whom everybody asserted was a "son-of-a-gun," which was not true. He was only a healthy, freshly-arrived German boy, learning to be an American.

Of "Dutchy," as we called him for short, it might be said, as was said of one of those old sandalled Romans—I have forgotten which—who used to attract the public attention of antiquity by strolling into the Senate, dressed in a bath-towel and a laurel wreath: "Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinae."

Dutchy was shy on intelligible English and his organizing faculties, at the time, were only in the primary stage of development under the assiduous instructions of the aforementioned friends and of my own; but as an all-round executive he was chain lightning, and I shall ever remember the "Hallow Ben" (it was customary in those parts to steal cabbage on that night to give to the poor), when Dutchy sold Jake Vetter—a freshly-im-



ported German who kept a beer saloon, "was on the make" and would trade his wares for anything from old copper wash-boiler bottoms to cow's horns, sixty heads of his own cabbage for beer and cigars; nor how Jake would nearly choke himself trying to swear in English every time he recounted the incident to his sympathizing symposium of beer-guzzling, pretzel demolishers.

Collectively the general public referred to us as "those boys." The general run of agriculturalists, owners of green corn fields, apple and peach orchards, however, as a rule complained to the constable of us, as "Them air boys." There were no specifications regarding personalities required when "those boys" were mentioned to the denizens of the little village nestling in the Pennsylvania hills, and for outsiders it was as the "oldest resident" put it when questioned on the subject, "If ye don't know em ye will, for sure, if ye stop over night, for they will be a raizen of nine kinds of hell with ye, or some of the neighbors 'fore sun-up."

In time we became a sort of local institution and the populace was about equally divided regarding the feasibility of lynching us, en mass, or paying our expenses at some distant boarding school. "The Weekly Clarion," whose long-haired editor was ever our champion and confidential friend, immortalized us in cold type by publishing a practical joke on a Philadelphia drummer, in connection with us, that shook society to its very foundations.

Why, it was said—with how much truth I am unable to state—that a majority of the vinegar-visaged Presbyterians of the place went so far toward forgetting their upholstered christianity as to laugh outright real good, honest, old-fashioned hearty laughs.

I imagine, however, that there must have been a good deal of exaggeration in the assertion of such unorthodox "carryings-on" by the sanctified elect, but it all happened so long ago that all I can remember of the incident is the licking after the drummer had made matters perfectly clear to the devious windings of my father's prejudiced mind; and I only remember that because it won me "hon-

ors" that I was able to hold undisputed for the unusually long period of a month.

It was an unwritten law with "those boys" to show backs every day at recess and the one wearing the heaviest welts from the preceding day's festivities won honors, becoming chief until one of the others wrested them from him, under the parental or pedagogic lash; and as few children were spoiled for lack of the rod among the odorous hemlocks of the good old Keystone State in those days, alternableness in office was the rule with us.

Bad as "those boys" were—and in truth none of them ran the slightest risk of canonization—they had much of merit to their credit in public opinion and everybody admitted if they would only reform, deal in a little less miscellaneous assortment of cussedness, quit doing things that healthy boys must do to prevent dry rot, they might eventually become as respectable as the samples of goody-goody boys the ladies of all denominations were ever holding up to them as examples of what nice boys should be, but they covered themselves with glory and became admired heroes, regardless of their collectively unenviable reputation, when the ice broke under the skates and a prominent young society lady, the only daughter of an ex-Circuit Judge, was swept under the solid ice by the rushing stream. While the goody-goody boys and brave young dandies who had been dancing attendance on her, continued their terpsichorean exercises about the scathing hole, wringing their hands and imploring each other to do something, "those boys" had shed their skates and overcoats and yelling "Down stream with her, fellows, and out at the dam," had taken headers to certain death for any but expert swimmers, and were battling in liquid darkness for a human life, which they tore from the very jaws of the Grim King to lay at the feet of a frantic mother.

The Judge, a very wealthy man of the Presbyterian persuasion, in a burst of gratitude, gave us a dollar each as a reward for our bravery, and the president of our local bank, in a fit of mental aberration, sent us a quarter each with his compliments. All this enormous wealth—five one dollar bills and five twenty-five cent



"shin-plasters"—our friend, the editor, pasted on the inside of his desk to show, on the sly, to inquisitive, confidential friends from the city.

The young lady's companion, when the accident occurred, a promising and rising young lawyer and politician, who, at the time, and from the beginning of the war, had been fighting his country's battles with his mouth, and who had let go of the young lady's hand when the ice broke, was unanimously declared a dastardly coward and lost his job as the young lady's fiance. Her father, the Judge, was very wroth, claiming that any pucillaninous skunk that would vacillate about diving under the ice to save five dollars' worth of flesh and bone belonging to his future father-in-law was not of the fibre to blend advantageously with lineal descendants of Plymouth Rock, and the engagement was called off. On the whole "those boys" were the only parties concerned that didn't feel like kicking themselves and they were supremely happy. The young lady, who was as nice as she was pretty, never failed to fratzenize no matter where she met us or how delapidated our appearance, and we grew to look upon her as one of our most valuable assets, enthusiastically approving Dutchy's estimate when he said: "Dod gurls dond god zum hairs fun her toothis, but hiez fadder vas ein grosste schwine." Dutchy always claimed that the size of the Judge's reward was not what galled him, but rather the "job lot" value the old gentleman placed on "dod powerful gurls."

All of "those boys," I am happy to state, as far as the root of all evil is concerned, have done fairly well except "Tink." "Banty," with a sawed-off double-barrelled shot gun, is running an up-to-date "Weekly" somewhere in the great northwest. "Dutchy" is running a big brewery in New York and depositing government securities in the safety vaults preparatory to purchasing a seat in the United States Senate. "Hemp" is selling calicoes and cabbage and reading week-old market reports to his patrons "o' nights" when the stage driver is sober enough to bring an occasional mail; and "Tink," poor fellow!—well, Tink sleeps quietly midst tangled masses

of wild flowers and the odor of peach and apple blossoms in the little cemetery under the shadow of Red-stocking's Cliff on the banks of the limpid swimming pool of our boyhood, where the speckled trout still rises to the fly, the industrious grey squirrel still gathers his winter store of beach nuts, the wood birds still warble and trill in the maples and pines, the fleecy mists still blanket the silent river in the silvery moon light and the Lord's Elect still fret and stew over the eternal salvation of their neighbors' souls. I wonder if he hasn't won the game?

My father, an energetic, hard working man and strict disciplinarian, after exhausting all manner of moral suasion and experimental chastisement on reforming me, had entered into an unalterable contract with himself to thrash me at home nights for every time the master thrashed me at school during the day, and by the time I had reached the age of eleven the old gentleman was complaining sorely of being forced to work so much over time. I thought myself he was ruining his health, but I couldn't induce him to take life a little easier in his declining years, for he seemed determined, as he put it, "to make a man or a corpse out of me" and I reckon he would have been mourner-in-chief at an interesting funeral had I remained about home much longer. My brothers he never chastized. Never had occasion to, for they never came home with black eyes, their clothes in ribbons and their ears chewed. They never licked the son of the Baptist minister or threw rocks at the Priest, for they were nice goody-goody boys of the standard grade, and everybody, Protestants and Catholics, had only praise for them, and wondered how it happened that such gentlemanly young men should have such a terribly wicked brother. I remember that I was highly elated when they all went to war and a lot of them got killed. Not that they were not good, kind brothers to me, by any manner of means, but because I considered it dead tough for one little sawed-off boy to be compelled, through their good behavior to take all the clubbing in a family of six, and all the unolicited moral advice of a puritanical community without any of the companion-



ship so dear to the heart of misery.

I love what is left of my brothers, and loving thoughts for those who yielded up their young lives for "Old Glory," and are sleeping along the Potomac, bring tears of pride to my eyes even now;—but perhaps the hand of the Potter trembled in making me. I was not like the rest of them and they did not understand me; nor did my father, nor did anybody else for that matter, excepting "Tink" and "Banty" and "Hemp" and "Dutchy" and my old "yaller" dog, Rattler. Some dasterly scoundrel, a reincarnation of the Borgias, probably, poisoned this four-footed friend of my infancy. (He was given me by my god-father when I was looking about my cradle trying to locate where I "was at") and his uncalled-for cowardly murder, for murder it was, for I consider the killing by poison—the coward's arm—of an inoffensive dog as much a murder as the killing of a man, aroused all the brooding bitterness in my disposition. In fact it was the turning point in my career, and I have often thought, had my faithful old friend met death from a natural cause, I might by now, have been a shining light of the church; for about the time I ran away from home I was to have been sent to a Jesuite college with the object of working me over into a Priest. The Roman Hierarchy missed a big prize through the death of that canine. Toothless and too old to be either useful or ornamental, Rattler was second on the list for the kicks and cuffs prevalent when either of us were about the house, and our mutual sympathy was limitless. Whenever he caught me with tears in my eyes, massaging any particular section of my anatomy, the poor old fellow would come nosing around and tell me in dog language that he was mighty sorry for my plight and didn't consider that I was having a dead square deal, and whenever any of my brothers abused my old friend there was war with anything in the shape of arms I happened to get my hands on. When, after all known remedies had failed to save him, he died, licking the hands of "those boys" and whining his sorrow at parting, we gave him a Christian burial and voted the brute who did the dirty job, a villain un-

fit to live, promising ourselves, *man comun et insolidum*, to burn his house down over his head were he a house-owner and we ever found out who it was.

The five of us loved the old dog, for he was our constant play-fellow, but for me he was more than for the others. He was a sort of relative and I was inconsolable. I lay awake nights crying for him and calling down the wrath of heaven on his destroyer. My people only laughed at my boyish sorrow. I could plainly see the dog's disappearance had pleased them, and connecting them in my mind with his death in some way or another, I resolved to leave at once and forever, a community of gospel-jugglers who, with the command, "thou shalt not kill," staring them in the face, approved the malicious destruction of one of God's noblest creatures.

It was decided by "those boys" in solid conclave assembled, that I should sacrifice myself on the altar of fraternal interests by going before and blazing the trail for those remaining to follow later, and with a general collection of seven dollars in my pocket, at the midnight cock crow I stole quietly out of the door that was to know me no more and turned my face resolutely ocean, or New York-ward, "those boys" remaining charged with the duty of circulating a report that my destination was Binghamton to throw probable pursuit off the trail. The following night I found myself at a flag-station of the Erie railroad, footsore, hungry and somewhat troubled regarding possible capture. I had never seen a locomotive, and when the one-eyed bellowing monster swung toward me out of the darkness with its hissing clattering rush and roar, I was nearly paralyzed with astonishment. It was a terribly cold night, and when I saw through the car window the passengers enjoying themselves as comfortably as they could have done in a well lighted and heated parlor, it occurred to me that, having no place to sleep (for I was very sleepy), the best thing I could do was to make a hole in my seven dollars by paying my fare to Port Jervis, snatch what sleep I could on the train, baffle an irate parent, who, in imagination, I saw behind me with a horse whip and in the



morning find myself at what, at the time, I considered one of the great cities where work was begging for healthy boys of exactly my size and abilities; so I got on the last car—a smoker—and seating myself in the last seat opposite the stove paid my fare and began a mental inventory of my strange surroundings.

Pullman at that time was probably driving cows somewhere in the "wooly west," and no one had dreamed of palatial hotels skipping over the landscape at the rate of fifty miles an hour. But no palace car ever made so marked an impression on my mind as did the Oriental splendor of that rotten old smoke, that stank like a combination brewery and tobacco factory, cold in the middle, hot as hades at the ends, where two red-hot pot-bellied stoves were attending strictly to business.

Drunken mechanics, laborers, farmers, drummers, country merchants and Jews—politicians all of them—seemed to make up the sum total of our car load of cosmopolitanism; and all seemed bent on bursting the structure with all grades of vile tobacco smoke, all looking as tired, fagged out and sleepy as I felt, with the addition, on my part, of the natural nausea such an atmosphere would produce on the nerves of a fresh country boy unaccustomed to such surroundings. The stench was unbearably sickening and the conductor, noticing my plight and advising me to go out on the rear platform charging me to "hold on tight," I put on my overcoat and went out in search of fresh air. The night was star-lit and bitterly cold, but the crisp wind toned me up at once and with boyish interest I began to watch the shadowy, snow-blanketed landscape whirl toward and away from me, circling like a great horizontal wheel, and for the first time in a week began to enjoy myself. Fear of pursuit was forgotten and if I had only have had "those boys" with me to help me enjoy the novel sensations that were flooding my brain, I would have been supremely happy. But patience! In the near future I would send them money (where I was to get it wasn't quite clear) so they could follow me, and some where in the great unknown world, where there was more charity and less

religion, we would win fame and fortune. In imagination I saw a tall, curly-headed, blond old Irishman—my father—wandering about the streets of Binghampton, switching his boot tops with a riding whip—"just to keep his hand in"—anxiously inquiring for a boy of about my size and description. I chuckled contentedly as I pictured his perplexity, and then came thoughts of my dear o'd mother, and taking myself by the collar, as my father was accustomed to take me, I gave myself a good kicking (mentally) for my ingratitude to the dear old soul who always had stood up for me against all comers as far as it was possible for her to do so, for I was her pet, and with remorse gripping at my throat and tears welling into my eyes, there came a grinding, tearing crash that jammed me against the end of the car, breaking the windows and stunning me, and before I had time to think or jump, I felt the structure rear on end like a bucking bronco, and I was tossed like a shuttlecock into the night, coming down into the seathing current of an ice-jammed river, I know not how many feet below my starting point, for I never again visited the scene of "The Great Carr's Rock Disaster" that sent such a thrill of horror through the world. It seemed to me that I had fallen a mile before striking the water and luckily I did not come down "head on" against one of the many cakes of drift ice with which the river was filled, as I found on coming to the surface after my tremendous dive. I was dazed, but in my element, for I was a strong swimmer, and although the river was at spring flood, my cowhide boots seemed to weigh a ton each, and my heavy overcoat and hand-knit mittens making execrable life-preservers, I managed to reach shoal water less than a hundred yards from the wreck down stream and began to reorganize my rattled thinking machinery. Where was I? Had I ran away from home or was this only a night-mare? Had I been reading too much of Dante with Father Heyden, or was I at last in the hell everybody assured me I was to reach sooner or later? "What next?" as the poll parrot said when blown up by a keg of gun-powder. Why didn't Dutchy



and Tink and the rest of 'em turn up to lend a hand as usual?

No, I was not dreaming. The splintered cars not under water were bursting into flames at the foot of the frowning cliff over which the increasing light flung the dancing fantastic shadows of the few that were free and the horrorized screams of the imprisoned passengers; the agonized shrieks and groans of the wounded and roasting victims mingled with the yells and curses of the desperate train men, swinging their axes in the lurid glare of the terrible cremation, reached me with appalling distinctness, borne on the drifting smoke that carried the stench of burning flesh to my nostrils.

As I was staggering about in my effort to leave the water, a floating bundle of

something soft touched me and became entangled in my legs, and, stooping to disentangle myself, the wail of a little baby answered my touch and I fished it, dripping, from the water. It was loosely wound in a thick woolen shawl, thoroughly water-soaked. Why did that little non-buoyant bundle float for nearly a hundred yards? What saved that mite of helpless innocence from the splintered timbers and fierce flames of the burning wreck and steered it against my legs through the murky water and darkness? Only He who watches over the sparrows and signals the leaves to fall will ever know. And—He only knows why He saved me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## Socialism and Life.

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

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Berkeley, California.

### ANIMAL IGNORANCE VS. HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.

America has produced no greater writer on sociology than Lester F. Wilson, and we doubt if his equal has yet appeared in the world as an interpreter of social facts and forces. If I were recommending reading on sociology for careful study to all classes of people interested in the social problem and the good of humanity, I would suggest his three works: "Outlines of Sociology," "The Psychic Factors of Civilization" and "Dynamic Sociology."

I would like to place before my readers a brief summary of Ward's conception

of Social Evolution. Such terms as "evolution," "survival of the fittest" and others have become the common property of most intelligent people. These and kindred terms are used by many in a manner which indicates their failure to apprehend the real significance of the terms.

In the first place the present competitive struggle, in modern business, of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is defended because, say these defenders, that this is nature's method, God's method in nature and therefore good. Therefore, they continue, all artificial methods of changing social



conditions are absurd. These would be working against nature, and must inevitably fail.

Now if this contention of the defenders of the present competitive system is scientific, if they have spoken the Truth, it ought to be seriously considered by all socialists. There is no use attempting the impossible.

Let us look into the treatment given by Mr. Lester F. Ward, America's greatest sociologist, to this vital question.

#### THE PURPOSE OF SOCIOLOGY.

In his "Outlines of Sociology" Mr. Ward devotes one chapter to the discussion of the purpose of sociology. He affirms that this science of human society rests "Like other science on uniform and determinable laws" and sees "immense possibilities in the science from a practical point of view". For, he writes, "the laws of nature have always proved capable of being turned to man's advantage in proportion as they have been made known, and there is no reason to suppose that the laws of human nature and of society will form an exception".

He, therefore, deems it the highest wisdom "to study the laws of human association and co-operation for the purpose of determining in what ways and to what extent the facts and forces of society may be modified and directed towards social ideals". His conclusion is that the supreme purpose of sociology is the "betterment of society". Social betterment is that which leads from pain to pleasure, from a condition that "yields only the satisfaction of physical need to one that fills out the higher spiritual aspiration".

#### Social Evolution.

This process toward a nobler social and industrial life is called Social Evolution; but thus far it has proceeded without the aid of social science. Ward then asks the question, "If social evolution goes on without science, what is the need of science except for its own sake?" To this he replies that just as the study of the laws of nature and obedience thereto "assists nature", (to use a household phrase) in the treatment of disease, so the purpose of sociology is to assist intelligent social evolution, and to cure and abolish social diseases.

And our author truly says that the whole people do not need to become college students of sociology to know the great laws and truths which social science reveals, "The power of establishing truth is immense", he says, and points to the history of science as full of illustrations of the popular diffusion of scientific knowledge, mentioning as examples the law of gravitation, the law of evolution, and others.

"But", he writes, "progress in unfolding the truth of the universe has taken place in the order of their remoteness from human interests;" and he contends that social truth when revealed, will be for more practical than any heretofore discovered, and he looks with great hope for humanity to the time when the age of social invention shall dawn, ushering in the age of social machinery.

Our social scientist teaches us, therefore, just as the mechanical inventor invents a steam engine, or an electric car, by applying the forces of nature always at hand, so it is the purpose of sociology to discover the forces of society and apply these mighty forces to new forms of social machinery which will tend to a marvelous progress in the betterment of mankind.

But what social machinery will make for social betterment? That we shall see in what follows.

#### COMPETITION MUST BE OVERTHROWN.

Ward proceeds scientifically to demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt that what ever social machinery in the future shall tend to the good of mankind, it must annul the blind, brutish, competitive struggle as at present manifested, and bring in an age of brotherly co-operation, and an age of socialism. And this position is all the stronger and should begot our intense interest since it is not the conclusion of an agitator, or a sentimentalist, but is that of the cool-headed scientist analyzing at once the fellings and the intelligence of men.

Now how does he make out his point? We shall answer, sometimes in his own words, and in some case paraphrasing where difficult scientific terms might confuse the ordinary reader:



### Feeling and Intellect.

Man experiences pleasure and pain; the former he seeks to repeat; the latter to avoid. And this attitude of man is desire. And desire seeks the means of satisfaction whether the thing desired be bread, or fame, or money, or heaven. It is feeling. In man, a new power asserts itself—intellect. And it is the office of intellect to find the means of attaining the desired ends. Knowledge is merely a guide to action. Intellect is a directive agent and can no more be called the cause of the result accomplished than the rudder can be called the cause of the progress of a boat.

The mind sees that certain forces exist and are operating in certain directions. What a thinking being does is to place the thing he desires (but lacks the power to move) into the current of such a force which moves it to him. The lumberman, for example, sees the downward force of the stream, puts in his logs, and without further effort they float to some point where he desires to obstruct them, and thinks of other means and forces to accomplish this end. This simple illustration is applicable to the effort of man to satisfy every possible desire for pleasure or avoidance of pain.

Man, the thinking being, restrains, controls, directs and utilizes in any manner the forces of nature. "It is remarkable," says Ward, "when we reflect upon it, how easily nature is managed by intelligence." We have nature's forces lying about us, awaiting the intelligent touch of man, the tool-maker, the inventor, the master and ruler of nature. Her laws are absolutely uniform, and "science is simply a knowing" of nature's forces and their modes of uniform action.

In order to show the difference between nature in the crude and blind action of her forces, and the wise and intelligent use of those forces by man, Ward calls the first, The Law of Nature, and the second, The Law of Mind.

### Law of Nature vs. Law of Man.

This Law of Mind, according to Ward, took upon itself to counteract the law of nature and to oppose to the competitive system, that completely dominated the lower world, and still so largely prevails

in human society, a wholly different system based on natural co-operation.

### In the Animal World.

In dealing with the animal world, the law of nature is replaced by that of reason in destroying the brute tendencies and thus domesticating animals like the cow, horse and dog. We even change the color of fur and feathers. We do artificially what nature could never do.

On this point he says that Nature "does not secure the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence among animals." This brute struggle merely fixes the position which each species is capable of holding in the general competition. And the position even for those who survive "is always far below what it might attain if competition were removed",—to quote his exact words, "exactly what man does is to remove the competition", and it is only thus that he secures such immense progress in his domestic animals.

### In the Vegetable World.

All the fruits, grains, and cultivated herbs, which form the base of our food supply, have only been possible by the removal of the competitive struggle.

The plants of every region possess possibilities of growth and beauty and fruitfulness—and abundant life far higher than they actually enjoy, and this fullness of life is prevented by adverse influences which surround them in a state of nature. Each one of these plants is where it is by reason of combined forces which hedge it in and determine its form. But man has singled out certain species of plants and by the removal of the competitive struggle he has produced far higher and more perfect forms.

Man desires better plants. He thinks out a means to that end. He then provides a new and artificial environment favorable to a higher development and they develop accordingly. He gives them opportunity to progress, and they progress by inherent powers with which all plants are endowed. Here Ward tells of finding some degenerate looking grass in a wild, neglected spot. The grass puzzled him, but upon analysis it proved to be none other than genuine wheat. It had struggled for existence in a state-



of nature. "There it had grown up, and sought to rise into that majesty and beauty that is seen in the field of waving grain. But at every step it had felt the resistance of an environment no longer regulated by intelligence. It missed the fostering care of man, who destroys competition, removes enemies, and creates conditions favorable to the highest developments. This is called cultivation, and the difference between my little starveling grass and the wheat of the well-tilled field is a difference of cultivation only, and not at all of capacity."

The application of this point to human affairs is scarcely necessary. One almost feels his heart moved to sympathy over the condition of Ward's "little starveling grass" destined and inherently capable to become a beautiful head of wheat, but dwarfed, stunted, obstructed, maltreated, by the rough struggle of nature. And if our hearts are almost moved to sympathy

for a "little starveling" plant (and I speak seriously), how shall we feel when we consider the thousands and millions of the flowers of God's heart—the little children of a thousand firesides, struggling for existence in the needless wolfish competition of our modern business system. Our government is not regulated by human intelligence.

Our children, nay, our mothers and wives, our brother-men, need the fostering care of man, who destroys competition, removes enemies and creates conditions favorable to the highest development.

My heart glows within me as I contemplate such a thing. This is God's gospel. It is Truth. It is science. It is sense, supplanting wolfish Ignorance.

The power of this Truth will inspire you as you read further under the next main heading, which will be considered in the next issue.

## Hoosier Paths.

BLAZED BY D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

### ACCUMULATIONS.

Under this title might be grouped the wealth of the world, its gold, silver and precious stones; its navies, railroads and merchandise, but it is of something else we speak.

It should be the province of a rational hygiene to indicate those methods of life which will result in health and longevity, and thus bring about that physical comfort out of which springs the best activities of the race.

Perhaps no habit of life is so conducive to physical and mental disorder as the one habit of eating or partaking of food, and that which should ever be a conservator of vital force is more frequently a cause of disaster and death.

It goes without saying that methods used in the preparation of food aim at so-called palatability rather than the preservation of health, and that the

appetite—which is really a disease—is consulted to the ignoring of a normal hunger which is a natural demand for sustaining aliment.

Spices of every conceivable kind are put into the foods, or placed near at hand where the owners of the great array of blasé stomachs and palates may heighten the pungency, sweetness or unnaturally aromatic condition of the viands to their ultimate undoing.

We really do not blame the corpse consuming crowd for disguising the malodorous flesh with clouds of pepper, sage, strong sauces, etc., for without these, their stomachs must surely rebel; but when it comes to treating vegetables in like manner we feel like uttering a protest.

What percent of the race have normal appetites? Echo answers "what percent?" but it is easily seen why the unnaturalness exists.



The effect of this cooking and seasoning may be read in the faces and forms of its victims as one reads the time of day upon the dial of the town clock, and its final ultimatum is evidenced by the headstones and monuments in the cities of the dead.

Sounds lugubrious does it? But is it not fact? Nor are we through yet. As a conscientious exponent of the truth as we see it, we must raise our voice, at least once in behalf of right.

If for this once we can paint conditions as they really are and thereby save even one individual from the wretched consequences we have indicated, we shall feel that the effort has not been in vain, and that we have been repaid therefor.

Let us note some conditions arising from the abnormal food methods. We feel that we shall not fail to make our point, and we shall definitely establish the facts in the case.

First, the natural taste is perverted by the use of the aforesaid condiments and cooking methods, and more, this stimulation leads to an over-crowding of the stomach with unnatural distention as a result. More than four-fifths of mankind have stomachs which are thus, perforce, larger than they should be. Being thus large it requires more to fill them, more physical power to digest their contents after they are filled, with a residue to be thrown off only partially digested as the enlarged stomach cannot fully perform the extra work, and from this partial digestion there arises that fermentation which our latter day science terms auto-intoxication.

This fermentation gives rise to accumulations in the system which cause the illnesses which result in swelling the mortality records all over the world. Indeed one may safely say that disease as we find it is a single condition with a single cause, and that cause primarily a mistaken notion in regard to food, its preparation and consumption.

To one versed in reading the signs of these accumulations, it is readily observable in the changed outlines of the various portions of the body to say nothing of that unmistakable mento-physical

expression of languor so plain to be seen in the eyes and mouth, even in those claiming to be well.

Men and women wonder why the passing years bring changes to their faces and forms; why they lose the sunny ruddiness of youth and why instead of beauty of face there creep in those deformities, which, even in the early thirties, and often much sooner, distort the once comely features, little thinking that their mouths are the open gateways to this truly sad and terrible condition of things.

This is all the more sad and terrible when one reflects that it is avoidable and that it is the result of habits of life of one's own making, although many are born with the condition thrust upon them by habits pre-natal on the part of parents who might have bequeathed a better birthright to their loved ones.

The great manufacturing center of these accumulations is the abdomen, and the great thoroughfare leading to it is the intestinal tract, while the lines of distribution are the arteries and veins ramifying through the body.

A line of output may strike the kidneys and it is termed Bright's disease, or missing these and centering in the lungs it is called tuberculosis or consumption. Again it may impinge upon the liver and according to the symptoms manifesting, it is christened with some technical term or it may rise higher and impinge upon the auditory nerve and we have deafness resulting, or if located upon the optic nerve we have a failing in sight. If it accumulates about the stomach dyspepsia, gastritis, cancer or other stomachic disorders result, but, we reiterate with all the emphasis at our command that these distressing ailments as a rule have but one common cause, viz., abnormal methods in the preparation and use (abuse) of food.

When any disorder arises, the victim thereof immediately proceeds to the use of some one or many of the patent nostrums on the market, or applies to a physician who, as a rule, according to time honored custom, begins to drug him in order to cure his ailment. Often these drugs are rank poisons, and, instead of healing the disorder, they subtract



from the patient's vital force. It may be that the effect of the drug will change the nature of the condition, or as one might say drive it further within, and out of the immediate notice of the patient, but no healing results therefrom.

Sometimes electricity in its various forms is applied to these disorders, and if not too deep seated, the currents passing through the body of the patient change the location of the encumbrance, but does not cure it. The condition still exists, and when in its new location the accumulation sets up an irritation, the good doctor will name it something else and proceed again to drug and electrify his patient. If now in changing the location of the encumbrance it hits upon a vital spot, the final work upon the physical organism is relegated to the undertaker.

We might carry this thought further, and show many other features relative to the matter of so-called cure, but we desist and recur once more to the matter of change in physical outlines, amounting in most instances to actual deformities when compared with normal human forms.

Even a small accumulation in the neck will obliterate the line of the jaw, and one too small for consideration may, when in the cheek, near the nose, entirely change the outline of the face. Another upon the back in the region of the shoulders will produce round shoulders or as now and then occurs a deposit on top of one shoulder makes it higher than the other. Yet another, very common disfigurement are the accumulations in the region of the abdomen rendering the person "stout" and out of all healthful and artistic proportion.

The "stout" person is not the sole victim in these instances. Sometimes the very thinnest is just as much or more encumbered, and are soonest attacked by acute ailments. The cause is not wanting in all ages and conditions of life, and the effect is visible in all.

Is there a way out of this dilemma? for such it surely is. Yes, there is one plan of relief and to it Nature will lend her aid. This one plan of mode is expressed by one word, elimination.

As we have intimated above, drugs

cannot cure, electricity only succeeds in changing its location, and in this same category we may include massage and other manipulations, they being merely palliative, but not curative.

How or by what means shall we proceed to eliminate these distorting and irritating encumbrances? Fasting is a good eliminator and so is right methods in bathing when coupled with a rational mode of diet. Physical exercise, when accompanied by a right method of breathing, is another good eliminator.

Indeed the heavily encumbered may be unladen and the mistakes consequent upon ill-timed methods of feeding be rectified to the joy of many sufferers.

The human body is intended to be perfect. It is duly supplied with veins and arteries wherein the vital fluids may circulate. It is rich in nerves designed to furnish sensation and motion; it has a respiratory and a digestive apparatus, and a sufficiency in the way of eliminating organs, but when some or all of these are obstructed with foreign and effete matter the ends of a normal functioning are defeated and disease results.

The pathway to right action lies open before us. Shall we not enter upon it and be healthful and happy? The average of human longevity is less than half what it should be if men would learn and practice physical truth.

The lord of creation, man, is yet the slave of his own appetites, and the victim of his own malpractice in the habits of his life. It is indeed high time for him to awake to the facts of a normal existence and govern his actions thereby.

We have said, and are saying in plain, homely phrase must stand for our view of the truth as it exists everywhere about us. We have purposely avoided all rhetorical embellishment in this contribution that none might misunderstand and that the thoughtful reader may arrive at just conclusions.

God health is the natural birthright of all, and all may enjoy its blessings if they will but put into practice its rational principles. Disease is simply the penalty imposed for violations of natural law and when so incurred is just and right. Health lies in the will to be well.



# Thoughts and Epistles of a "Hayseed."

BY CHAS. A. OLIVA.

## THE CROWN OF TRUE NOBILITY.

There is an ever shining attribute, more lustrous and radiant than the beacon light, or the sparkling green: and more enduring than the rocks of ages. It is found only in a good true character and is its never failing guide and protector. It insures the right-of-way to all those who have cast their little barks upon the stormy sea of life and will carry them over in positive safety, to the ideal home of virtue, abounding in exquisite excellence, priceless value, unquestioned merit, virgin purity and perpetual peace and happiness.

The possession of virtue is then to be prized higher than the command of an army, rule of a nation, or the possession of great riches. For it embraces all the exalting qualities of goodness and is antagonistic to all that is not good. It alone makes it possible for anyone to reach any of the exalted positions worthy of being honored. It is the highest and most unlimited attainment that can be acquired by any one; and yet money will not buy it. Though more valuable than money or jewels, its worth cannot be estimated on such basis, nor can it be bartered for by the same.

It is to a person's character what the sun is to the solar system—radiating its purer light and warmth at all times and strengthening and upbuilding all who seek it by its magic qualities.

Virtue is self-sustaining, self-demonstrating and self-asserting.

No matter how much virtue may be attacked, misused, or ignored, it cannot be destroyed or concealed; but continually manifests itself, above all the turbid elements; always occupying the highest summit of all the attributes of mankind. It matters not how much any one's character is belittled, condemned, or misapprehended; virtue will always show it in its true light by its presence, in case that it is actually misused. Without it perfection could not be reached, and the Great Architect of the Universe would be disappointed, because His highest law could not be carried out in accordance to His loftiest ideal.

Virtue stands first, last and at all times, as an impenetrable fortification to a person's character and well being.

Were it not for the fact that virtue is a most commendable trait, it is not very likely that everybody would admire it in others, as they do, for there are not so many enjoying living existence, so low and degraded, but what they will bend to its gentle and sweet prestige.

In all countries and nations, virtue receives recognition and is honored; though not always to the same extent, which accounts for the different stages of progress, enlightenment and civilization.

The only peculiarity found in the relation between virtue and mankind according to former precedents, as expressed by the most noted moralists, is, that it should be considered as an attribute belonging more strictly to the gentler sex. The very idea! That men should expect and look for virtue in themselves go on as though it did not apply to them, or would be a transgression upon some one's private property, that did not belong to them is enough to make one feel like wanting to institute a lawsuit for equity against such a state of affairs. As though woman's dower in this case called for a greater portion of this valuable estate. Well, I guess not! Not according to nature's law is the universal law of equity, guaranteeing equal rights to all and special favors to none. So if one appropriates much in this respect, others may do the same or take more if they wish; and there will not be the slightest intimation of "raising a kick". Strictly speaking, however nature makes equal allotment to all. The difference manifested in reality are only in proportion to the degree that each one has recognized and adopted his own, or in other words according to the existing stages of unfoldment.

Nations rise and fall, individuals ascend to high eminence, tramp the populous road of mediocrity or sink to the foul and iniquitous rut of degradation in proportion to the cultivation or non cultivation of the elevating endowments of virtue. It is this peerless factor that makes really noble men, women and nations that sways the multitudes and rules the entire world, for there is no true nobility or a person worthy of an honor unless the all-powerful and important virtuous elements predominate. Then why not grow it, cultivate it, teach it and radiate it? Now that is the vital question, yet awaiting to be solved in a satisfactory manner.

For centuries more or less effort has been expended in this direction; usually in a roundabout way; the way that must have or should have originated the saying "beating around the bush". The general outlines and intentions of the plans of operation, were ordinarily good, as they are today, but the most important work was left to the "other fellow"



because the promoter of it was too busy, having a so-called good time, or perhaps this was only put off till tomorrow or some other time, when new resolutions would again be made. This also applies to the present. While everybody knows better the temptations to the physical being, —of having a so-called good time, are greater than those of becoming a fully developed being. So man eats, drinks, thinks and acts, to develop himself in an eccentric or lop-sided fashion. The lower sensibilities thus are developed at the expense of the higher, which are dwarfed and weakened. Is it any wonder then, that man in so many instances, is such a perverted representation of material existence? It is the mode of living, right living, that over-comes or prevents it. This is what has always been neglected, which accounts for so many utter failures of man becoming master of self. It is also quite true, that besides this there must be a sufficient craving for the better things in life. Attention and interest in this must exist, coupled with the study of the truths of life and self.

But what is the use of procrastinating, or being so careless when there is no other salvation of man, excepting man himself? Man must change sooner or latter to retrieve himself and cease traveling along the slippery road that leads him away from his own home and possessions. The program of work should be reversed. The things that lead one to his own should be done now—~~today~~; and those that do not should be left for the morrow.

Then will the real reward, more precious than pearls and more beautiful than garlands of flowers, make it's appearance for a permanent stay. While this reward does not come from without in so many dollars and cents as some would have it, nevertheless it does come. Only it is from within, in so many gems of those cherished and charming attributes of virtue.

So the Great Universe supplies everything that man's even highest fancy might crave and expects to have each one reach out for what is wanted of its stores. So it is in this, as in all other cases, but one must know himself and his wants sufficiently to keep to the right and follow the path that always leads him up, which can only be done by strict adherence to the convictions of truth. It makes no odds what a person's condition and rank in life may be. No matter how large or small a person's credit may be, as recorded by the books of the Universe. It is just what each one makes it. The law of compensation rewarding each one according to the amount and quality of work done.

Every one should be king or queen of his or

her domain ( self ) ; but not necessarily of a country or nation where they wear metallic crowns, some times without nobility and but little significance. It is not always the wearing of an imperial sovereign's headdress that marks the highest state of purity and perfection, for in most cases it can be dwindled into insignificance by anyone who seeks the real Crown of True Nobility.

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